

PROLOGUE to *Dame Dobson the Cunning Woman.*

Spoken by Mrs. CURRER.

GAllants, I vow I am quite out of heart,
I've not one smutty Jest in all my part.
Here's not one Scene of tickling Rallery;
There we quite lose the Pit and Gallery.

His *London Cuckolds* did afford you sport.
That pleas'd the Town, and did divert the Court:
But 'cause some squeamish Females of renown
Made visits with design to cry it down,
He swore in's Rage he would their humors fit,
And write the next without one word of Wit.

No Line in this will tempt your minds to Evil,
It's true, 'tis dull, but then 'tis very civil.
No double sense shall now your thoughts beguile,
Make Lady Blush, nor Ogling Gallant Smile.

But mark the Fate of this mis-judging Fool!
A Bawdy Play was never counted Dull,
Nor modest Comedy e're pleas'd you much,
'Tis relish'd like good Manners 'mongst the *Dutch*.
In you, Chast Ladies, then we hope to day,
This is the Poets *Recantation* Play.
Come often to't that he at length may see
'Tis more than a pretended Modesty:
Stick by him now, for if he finds you falter,
He quickly will his way of writing alter;
And every Play shall send you blushing home,
For, tho' you rail, yet then we're sure you'll come.
Thus Brides are Coy and Bashful the first night,
But us'd to't once, are mad for their delight.
Do not the *Whiggish* Nature then pursue,
Lest like *Whig-Writer*, he desert you too.
Whig-Poet when he can no longer Thrive,
Turns *Cat in Pan* and writes his *Narrative*.
No *Irish* Witness sooner shall recant,
Nor oftner play the *Devil* or the *Saint*.

EPILOGUE to the Same!

Spoken by Mr. JEVORN.

THo I am no great Conjuror you see,
Nor deal in Devil or Astrology,
Yet from your *Physnomies* I shrewdly guess
The Poet stole the *French Diviners*ess.
But let not that, pray, put you in a passion,
Kidnapping has of late been much in fashion.
If Alderman did *Spirit* men away,
Why may not Poets then Kidnap a Play?

Poets

Poets are Planters, Stage is their Plantation,
But tho they are for Trade and Propagation,
Yet don't like *Thievish Whiggs* Rob their own Nation.

But, Fellow Citizens, beware Entrappings,
For, whilst y're busie sending Folks to *Wapping*,
'Ygad your Wives e'ne go abroad *Kidnapping*.
Tending to this, of late I heard such stories,
That I for safety Marry'd 'mongst the *Tories*.
And see from City Prigg I am become

A *Beau Garcon*, a man of th' *Sword* : rare *Thumb*!

Jerné I am all *Tory* now, *par ma foi*

I hate a *Whigg* : I'm l'*Officiere du Roy*.

And now I bid defiance to the *City*;

Nor *Whig*, nor *Critick* shall from me have pity.

And as in Valour, I in Wit am grown,

Then to'em *Gillet* ; let 'em know their own.

You *Whigs*, but *Criticks* are amongst the *Cits*

And *Criticks* are meer *Whigs* amongst the *Wits*.

Thro your cross Nature you'l no mercy show,

But would the *Monarchy* of *Wit* ore throw,

And *Criticks* here with the same spirit stickle

For *Liberty*, as *Whigs* in *Conventicle*

'Gainst *Sheriffs* and *Poets* equally you Baul,

You Riot in a *Play-House*, they 't *Guild-Hall*.

But Noise, you see, and Faction often fails,

Law is our Shield against your *Pro'stant Flails*

Law and large *Fines* may send you all to *Jails*.

And if you *Criticks* here are troublesome

I'l *Diametrically* upon you come.

And maul you with my Charm, *Firm, Close, Standfast Thumb*!

Then there's your Wheadhing Critick, seems a Friend,

Commends by halves, and with a *But* i'th end,

Has sly reserves which still to Faction tend.

They praise a Play, and on the Poet flee,

But, his back turn'd, loll out their tongue and Jeer.

Thus amongst *Wits*, as *Whiggs* too, these are Trimmers,

They'r like a sort of *Half Crowns* we call Swimmers.

Broad to the Eye, but though the Stamp seems fair

Weigh 'em they're light, and damn'd mixt Metal are.

These blame the *City*, but uphold their Charter,

They Rail at *Treason*; but give Traitors Quarter,

And when a *Rebel*'s hang'd, they stile him Martyr.

For *Perjur'd Villains* they wou'd have *Reprieve*

And to *False Witnesses* can *Pensions* give,

Yet won't allow a *Mayor* may choose his Sheriff.

They cry, to Magistrates we'l give all Honor :

But let's have *Law* : Then *Holloe*—take him *Coroner*.

But, Friends, don't think that you shall longer Sham us,

Or that we'll Bugbear'd be by your *Mandamus*;

You see *Dame Dobson's Devil* long was famous,

But fail'd at last : so will your *Ignoramus*.